

B A 1508/671
LETTER

FROM

Dick Estcourt,

THE

COMEDIAN,

TO THE

SPECTATOR.

*— Per Ego hæc loca plena timoris,
Per Chaos hoc ingens, vastique silentia Regni,
Euridices oro properata retexite fila,
Omnia debemur vobis ; paulumque morati
Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam ;
Tendimus huc omnes, hæc est Domus ultima —*

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THE
COMEDIA
TO THE
SPECTATOR

By the Author of "The Spectator"
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THE
PREFACE.

VIRTUE, tho' attended with the most Alluring Charms, is very often neglected and contemned, whilst Vice is admired and applauded by us, hugging with eager Transports the Darling Viper in our Bosom, tho' its Infection gives Birth hereafter to the most violent Convulsions. The Wise and Ingenious SPECTATOR has contributed more by his Speculations to the advancing of Virtue and Morality, and given a greater Check to the growing Vices of the Times, than all the Endeavours of United Societies with florid Sermons and pompous Feasts. This *Great Man* (like the Physician that gilds the bitter Pill,
to

The Preface.

to recommend it the better to the
Palate) pleased us where he gave
us Pain ; and Instructions combin-
ed with Wit and Humour will ne-
ver fail to meet with the desired
Success. The Design of this Pam-
phlet is not to reflect on those who
claim by their Decease the most
favourable Scrutiny of their Acti-
ons, but by shewing Vice in its
Native Dress of Shame and Con-
tempt, to deter the Living from i-
mitating the Deceased Patrons of
it. The Dissenters formerly che-
rished several ridiculous Gestures
and familiar Phrases in Sacred
Things, which the Wiser Part a-
mong them have long ago rejected.
An unnatural Abuse of a Man's
Countenance is not now thought
a necessary Qualification of an E-
difying Teacher, tho' a few of the
more obstinate among them may
still indulge themselves in the loo-

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The Preface.

er *Airs* of *Tony Lee* or *Hugh Peters*.
No Age has been more fertile of
Authors than this.

Our unhappy Divisions have
been fomented by the Hirelings of
each Party, who, like Pick-pockets,
wrangle among themselves that
they may with less Suspicion dive
into the Pockets of the unwary Spectators;
the late Tax has suppress'd
several of these Politicians; the
Observer, before his Decease, had
so stupified his Brains with the
Countryman's *October*, that his
Quietus was a Relief to his sinking
Genius: The *Review*, who was
last Winter an Eminent Jockey at
Utrecht, now (like Prince *Almanzor*) attacks
sometimes his Foes, and
sometimes his Friends. *Jack Dyer's*
Letter is entirely calculated for
Fox-hunters, and works best, over
a Barrel of Brown Beer. The Ingenious
Mr. *Roper* is ambitious to appear

The Preface.

pear in the first Rank of Heroes, and (*Jacob-like*) would cheat his Elder Brother, the *Examiner*, of his Birth-right; his Reflections are sometimes so pungent that I have seen them draw Tears of Remorse from the most obstinate Whigs. *Orthodox Ridpath*, who is the present Oracle of the High-flying Whigs, has sung their Heroic Actions in *Gracious-street* in Lofty Strains, and seems inclined to make a farther Essay in Poetry, which makes the Party apprehensive that he will retire to *Duck-lane*, and there sing his own Ballads. If such Papers as these, tho' destitute of Sense and good Manners, can be read thrice a Week with Pleasure, the Author hopes this small Piece may contribute in some Measure to the Diversion and Entertainment of the Courteous Reader.

Vale.

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LETTER
FROM
Dick Estcourt
TO THE
SPECTATOR.

Brandipolis;
Octob. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I promised you before my Departure to these Regions to communicate any Thing of Moment that occur'd to me in my Journey, or any of the Remarkable Transactions of this Place, that might entertain you or your Gay Friend, *Will. Honeycomb*. I shall not now indulge my Spleen in reflecting on the

the ill Usage I met with; you have done me Justice in that Particular, by informing the VWorld, that had my Genius and Parts met with a fuitable Encouragement, they would have been a Bright Ornament to the Stage. The Phyfician had no fooner in his laft Prefcription figned my Execution, but imperioufly, like a Judge, withdrew, and left the Apothecary, as Finifher of the Law, to execute his Decree. The Executioner having done his Part, my Soul being delivered from its long Confinement, fled with the utmoft Alacrity towards the *Plutonick* Kingdoms: I had fcarce reach'd Six Miles, but I perceived a great Alteration in the Air; it was purged of thofe grofs Particles that infest the lower Regions, and refin'd into a Substance, not unlike thofe cool and fanning Breezes the Poets imagine as refreshing the Manfions of the Mufes. 'Tis impoffible to describe the pleasing Proſpect I had of Ten Thouſand Glorious VWorlds all around me. I met an *Italian* Abbot here, who frankly told me that he Died of the Pox, and as *Hudibras* faith, *Old Sinners have all Points of the Compaſs in their Joints and Bones.*



So this gay Sinner carries with him a Perpetual Almanack, which foretels the sudden Changes of the Weather with greater Veracity than the Prognostications of *Partridge*, or any other God-father of the Stars. The Sharpness of the Air exposed him to violent Pains, which did not check the Gayety of his Humour, but he strove to divert the Torment by reflecting on several Merry Passages of his Life ; says he, *About a Month before my Decease I was employed to send some Bottles of Asses Blood to the West-Indies, having affixed to them the Names of several Saints, and consigned it to the Missionaries there. The Archbishop of Toledo wanting his usual Complement of Relicks, several of the Saints Bones being reduced to Ashes, sent to Rome for a Recruit. By Order of his Holiness I drew a Bill on the next Churchyard for a certain Quantity of broken Skulls and decayed Bones, which were sent in great Pomp to Spain, having done several Miracles by the Way ; the Skulls were particularly Remarkable for frightening several peevish Children into Obedience, and the Pouder of one of them gave great Relief to an Old Woman. As we drew near the Plutonic Kingdoms*

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Kingdoms an unusual Warmth convinced me that my Journey was almost finished, when of a sudden, to my great Surprise, I saw a great River enveloped with dark Clouds of Smoke, and a Thousand Ghosts wandring on its Banks. We parted here ; I hasted to a little Hill which was in Possession of several Battallions from *Denain*, who wait here for their Arrears. There were a few Wits here Wind-bound for want of *Reino*. On an adjacent Hillock were several *Indian Kings*, *Muscovite* Noblemen, Half-pay Officers, Bullies, and Gamesters, who had an Embargo laid on them for the same Account. I approached to the Ferry, where *Charon* and Two Friars were engaged in a warm Dispute about the Fare ; says the Old Man, (pointing to a Dozen Elders just come from *London*, where there was a Rot lately among the Saints,) Two such thriving Sinners as you will outweigh all those puny Ghosts: Not long ago carrying over *Pius Quintus*, who was lately Canonized, with Two Cardinals, the whole Crew were in Danger of perishing ; they having split the Difference, the Debate ended. My Poverty denied me the Benefit of this Opportunity. I waited here a considerable Time, indulging Melancholy

lancholy Thoughts, and of a sudden saw a Ghost advancing towards me with an Air of Concern; I arose, and soon discovered it was my Lord *Godolphin*; I thank'd my Stars for this Opportunity; and *Charon* beckening to us, we approached the Boat, where, to my great Surprise, the 35 Millions fell to Two-pence Three Farthings, which was all the Cash he had with him. I recommended him to *Charon* as a Gentleman that had enjoy'd the High Dignity of Treasurer; at which the Old Man burst into a violent Fit of Laughter, and told him he was the first *English* Treasurer that ever came to him with such a foolish Errand. A Receiver-General of a County, and the Collector, having a Curiosity to travel on the Publick Stock, join'd a Bankrupt who had made a considerable Estate by breaking; they generously paid for our Passage; our whole Crew was a Medley of different Nations, each indulging themselves in their peculiar Humours: The *English* were warmly debating the Doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance; Two of the most Furious Disputants gave so great an Offence to the whole Company, that *Charon* heaved them over-board into a warm Bath; the Di-

spites encreasing, they divided; one Part
 joined the *Dutch*, who were laying
 Schemes for erecting a Fishery on the
 River *Styx*, whilst the other Part join'd
 the *French*, who were very intent on the
 Grandeur and Politeness of their Court
 and Nation, advancing several Ingenious
 Schemes for improving the Horn Manu-
 facture. The *Germans* were boozing
 themselves in *Acherontine Waters*, whilst
 the *Spaniards* sat like Senators, reflecting
 with a secret Disdain on the Loquacity
 of the *French*, and the rude Deportment
 of the *Dutch*, now and then launching
 out in the Praise of their Barren Coun-
 trey. The *Scotch*, who are naturally
 Fiddlers, played several Marches of their
 antient Heroes on their Arms and Shins.
 There was but One *Irishman*, with a *High-
 lander*, who were contriving to steal *Cha-
 ron's* Bottle of Strong-waters; the *Irish-
 man* cajol'd him with a great many *Dear-
 Joys*, whilst the *Highlander* was refresh-
 ing his Spirits with the pleasing Liquor;
 the Bottle being almost exhausted, he fil-
 led the Compliment with Briny Waters.
Teague having drank very plentifully of
 it, it immediately began to operate with
 violent Pain, till he was eas'd by Vomit:
 The Old Man mistrusting, examined his
 Bottle,

Bottle, and soon discovered their Knave-
 ry, which so disgusted him, that he swore
 he would never carry an *Irishman*, or any
 of his Kindred, over again. We having
 landed, I was surprized at the Horror
 that invaded every Countenance, till I
 was inform'd they kept a Fast to avert the
 Miseries of a Peace. I take this Op-
 portunity by an Express which is going
 to the *Hague*, our Court being advised
 that they design to carry on the War,
 which occasions great Rejoicings here;
 and Affairs bear a better Prospect since
 the Arrival of several Battallions from
Doway, Quesnoy and Bouchain. As I
 was wandring at my first Arrival hither,
 I met *Joseph Hains*, who is a Retailer
 of the Law; *Jo* generously invited me
 to his House, and surpriz'd me with an
 agreeable Account of the Politick Govern-
 ment of his House: Says he, *My little*
Tabernacle is a Seminary for all Petty-
foggers, Quill-drivers, and Bayliffs. I
 saw *Jack Hall* here, who tells a Lie as
 naturally as if his Father had been an
 Almanack-maker, and his Mother a
 Gypsie; he is Master of as many Villa-
 nies as are necessary to make an Accom-
 plish'd Lawyer. I was surprized to hear the
 Learned Anatomist, *Dr. Tyson*, crying,
 Any

Any Corns to cut, any Corns to cure, and was followed by *Queen Dido*, who was singing a Melancholly Ditty, call'd, *The Unconstant Lovers: Or, Maids take care of your Plackets.* The Famous *Messalina* sells Cundams in a little Stall by *Jo's* House: I adjourn'd to a Neighbouring Coffee-house to take a little Refreshment, where the *Literati* were engaged in a warm Debate, who was the greatest Divine since the Apostles Time: *Zuinglius* and *Knox* highly extoll'd *Luther* and *Calvin*. There was a great Confusion among them, each naming his darling Divine; there was one that propos'd *Mr. Hoadley*, but had he been as little indebted to his Heels as that Gentleman, he would have been the Jest of the Coffee-house; a Gentleman, whom I suppos'd to be *Mr. Dodwell*, industriously undertook to persuade them, that a bright Star that lately appeared at *St. Paul's*, had more zealously defended the Interests of Christianity than either of the other Two. A Pedling Friar, having set up his Stall in a noted Town in *Germany*, sold his Wares with great Dexterity; some bought Pardons for their former Transgressions, whilst others procured a farther Licence to Sin. *Luther* having a Stock of Indulgences by him,

him, was disgusted that a Foreigner should forestall the Market, and in a Publick Discourse to the People ingeniously confessed that they were imposed on by the Clergy, and discovered the Cheat with so much Art, that the Indulgences fell next Day 50 *per Cent.* and the poor Friar was obliged to pack up for a better Market. As for *John Calvin*, the Presbyterian High-Priest, Ambition and Spleen, excited him to appear at the Head of a Faction, where he invented Difficulties sufficient to frighten Men from Salvation. A little Fellow stepping in with a Broad-brim Hat, and Shoe-strings so exactly ty'd, that denoted him a most Notable Man, interrupted him, and told the Company that the Doctor had done several Miracles; a Woman at *Coventry* that had been Barren for several Years was cured by him to her great Satisfaction: He converted Doctor *Richardson* with good *Pontac*, and convinced him with *Burgundy*, that a Rectorship was preferable to a Lecturer's Place in *Pinner's Hall*; nay, says he, Fire and Brimstone came out of his Mouth at *St Paul's*, to the great Astonishment of the Spectators, and yet he was not consumed: Mr. *Dodwell* offering to chastise him for his Insolence,

lence, a Gentleman coming in gave a different Turn to the Discourse, and told us, that *Tony Lee*, Chaplain in Ordinary to his *Plutomick Majesty*, was in Disgrace, which occasion'd various Speculations here, till the Gazetteer obliged us with the following Account ; *Tony Lee*, who was never denied the Privilege of Access to *Proserpine*, endeavoured to apply his last Opportunity to cuckold his Majesty. *Tony* being retired to her Closet, began to cough and spit as usual, which was a Hint to *Proserpine* to fetch a Cordial, which she mistook, and brought refined Spirits of Brandy, of which Saints drank as plentifully as if it had been the New Milk of the Word : The Liquor began to work very powerfully; his Corruptions rising, the Old Man had got an entire Conquest over the New. *Tony* began to be very familiar with her, produced several Texts of Scripture to prove that all Things were lawful for the Saints, and that they were made for them. *Proserpine*, who has a very scrupulous Conscience, consented to have her Womb sanctified by *Tony's* Puritan Flail. *Pluto* discovered him with his Commission in his Hand, at which he was so enraged, that he ordered *Galenus*, who is his *Somgelder* in Extraordinary, to castrate

strate him, which was immediately done, and they are now to be seen as a Rarity in that Gentleman's Closet. Proserpine was mightily afflicted at the Loss of this precious Pains-taker; his Place is to be supplied by *Hugh Peters*, till the Arrival of *Daniel Burgess*, who has obtained a Grant of it. The Office of Hangman-general being vacant by the Resignation of *Phalaris*, the Tyrant, it was advertized in the *Gazette*, that all the Candidates for that Employment should appear at the usual Place, to shew their several Titles, in order to proceed to a New Election. On the Day appointed the Court met; there was a vast Appearance of Petty-foggers, Bayliffs, Bullies, and Affidavit-men, who were very Industrious in their Endeavours to attain this Dignity. Silence being demanded, the Crier Proclaimed by order of the Court, that all Illustrious Villains, by whatsoever Title dignified or distinguished, may now put in their several Claims: The first that appeared was a *Torkshire* Attorney, with a List of all the Families he had ruined: Then advanced a grave Physician, who had poisoned a whole Family for Fifty Pound; and was succeeded by an Affidavit-man, who pleaded as Merit, that he had sworn

Six Men out of their Lives, and Twenty Younger Brothers into good Estates : Several other puny Villains appeared, but were dismiss'd by the Court, as unworthy such an Honourable Employment. The Court adjourned, and ordered Two of their Body for better Dispatch to hear the Reasons of the several Candidates, and to present those of most Merit at their next Meeting : The Court being returned, the following Persons were presented; *Nero*, Emperor of *Rome*, *Cromwell*, the Protector, *Sir Phelim O Neal* and *Guido Faux*: *Nero* appeared very gay on this Occasion, and solac'd himself in the Reflection of those Black Crimes he had committed: The Court told him his Merit was great, and his Villanies would have been Illustrious, had they been done by him in a lower Sphere, but considering his Dignity, as Emperor, he might have improv'd his Opportunities much better; and a *Roman* Emperor, not a *Roman* Pontiff, would have been *Pluto's* Eldest Son. *Cromwell* said, His Birth had not qualified him to begin the World with a glittering Equipage of shining Villanies, but his Murder of that Pious Prince, under Pretence of Justice, was a much better Jest than

Nero's

Nero's setting Two or Three Cabbins a Fire, when he might have laid all *Rome* in Ashes : *Faux's* Petition met with a general Applause, and a silent Murmur of his Merit spread thro' the Hall; the Court told him that had he finished his Intentions his Merit would have been unquestionable, but his Compassion for the Lord *Monteagle* was a Stain which would fully so high a Dignity. Sir *Phelim O Neal* presented to the Court a List of all the Men, Women, and Children, he had put to Death with the most Exquisite Tortures, contrary to the most Solemn Vows and Protestations, and thought his making several Pounds of Candles of the Grease of a Fat *Scotchman* would equal either *Nero's* or *Cromwell's* Jest. A Petition being lodg'd in the Court by an unknown Hand, (tho' suppos'd to be a Whig,) in Favour of a certain Monarch, which urged that his inhuman Persecution of his own Subjects, and his involving all *Christendom* in a Bloody War, were Crimes that bore an unquestionable Title; and to compleat it, he had in several Treaties made a Jest of all *Europe*: The Court having considered it as scandalous, and reflecting on so good an Ally, ordered it to burnt

by the Hands of the Common Hangman, and then withdrew; and in a short Time returned, having unanimously chosen *Sir Phelim O Neal*. *Edward Sparling*, late Turn-key of *Newgate*, was Knighted here, and having delivered the following Note to the Court, he was declared Deputy to *Sir Phelim*.

‘Whereas we understand by our Cousin
‘*Jack Ketch*’s Letter of the great Merit
‘and ingenious Behaviour of *Edward*
‘*Sparling*, late Gentleman-Usher of *New-*
‘*gate*, we recommend him to you as wor-
‘thy of your Consideration.
Given at our Palace.

Nich. Machiavell, Secretary,

Having read all their Papers, I paid my Peny, and wandred thro’ several Streets, till I saw a great Croud at some Distance; advancing towards them I was informed, that *Tom Brown* was condemned to stand in the Pillory for writing a Satyr, call’d, *The Intrigues of Proserpine*, and *Beau Fielding*, who is Gentleman-Usher to her Majesty; *Tom* being exalted above his Brethren, seemed very well pleased to see so great an Appearance at his Levee, and having demanded Attention in the most moving Terms, made the

the following Speech. ' Gentlemen, This
 ' being the first Day of our *Lent*, *Pluto*
 ' has sent me as his Jester to divert you
 ' for an Hour. I would warn all honest
 ' Men that are curious to see this Enter-
 ' tainment, to keep their Hands in their
 ' Pockets; as for Fools and Knaves, I al-
 ' low them the Favour to treat me with
 ' some poch'd Eggs and hard Pippins, a few
 ' Turnips, and other Roots, to relish the
 ' Flesh they give me. I hope those Gen-
 ' tlemen that are skilled in the Mystery of
 ' Diving, whose attractive Fingers seize
 ' every Thing they touch, will be so just
 ' to themselves as to revenge my Cause on
 ' those Fools that fling away their Eggs
 ' to Day, and starve their Pancakes to-
 ' Morrow. If there be any Papists here,
 ' I would warn them not to touch Flesh
 ' this *Lent*, lest their Galigaskins should
 ' atone for their Faults, and their Priests
 ' fatten and thrive on their Sins. The
 ' Sheriff having a Fellow-feeling, was fa-
 ' vourable to him, and ordered him to be
 ' unyoked. *Tom* was wonderfully pleased
 ' to see me, and having satisfied his Curio-
 ' sity in several Questions about his Friends
 ' and merry Companions, By Gad, *Dick*,
 ' (says he) this is the Third Time I have
 ' been made Overseer of *Brandipolis*; I am

at present Pulpit-drummer to a little Anabaptist Conventicle; *Nel Gwyn* is one of my Flock; I condemned this Back-sliding Sister lately for the Levities of her Tail to dive anew for Salvation, and to be redipt in Frosty Weather, as a Penance and Composition for Sin, tho' it is the Opinion of all the Righteous that it must be a very severe Frost that can cool her Leachery. One of his Elders approaching us, *Tom* assumed a very Demure Sanctified Look, and vented his Zeal in a Cant proper to his Office, and recommended me as a Well-wisher to their Sect; the Saint invited us to Dinner: The Wife being indisposed, desired some of Mr. *Brown's* Spiritual Comfort; he being well read in the Duties of his Office, took the Hint, and improv'd his Time so well that she was in a Condition to appear at Dinner. The Collation being ready, he required some Time to put his Face in a begging Posture; in the beginning of his Grace he behaved himself as submissive as a hungry Mumper, but in a little Time began to make several wild Excursions about the Man of Sin; and having sent him to Hell with a *Mittimus*, attack'd the Scarlet Whore with his usual Vigour, bestow-

bestowing several pretty Epithets on her; I winkt to him to shorten it, and *Tom*, who had always a very complaisant Conscience, was ready to oblige me. The Wife having commend-
ed him as a Heart-refreshing Teacher, presented us with the choicest Bits; the Repast being ended, he counterfeited a violent Disorder, and *Dorothy* was immediately dispatch'd to bring an Edifying Cordial, of which we both drank very plentifully. Having returned Thanks for their Civility, I return'd Home, and found *Jo. Hains* warmly engaged over a Pot of Stout with *Plowden*, that Sage Apprentice of the Law, who keeps an Illustrious Spunging-house here. My Shoes being reduced to a thin Sole with no Heels, like *Irish* Brogues, *Jo* recommended me to a Shoemaker's Shop that was kept by King *Pym*; *Stroud*, *Valentine*, *Diggs*, and *Elliot*, are his Journey-men; the Learned *Selden* is his Lastmaker; and *Hampden* keeps a Cobler's Stall under his Shop: While I was fitting myself with a Pair of Shoes, *Jo Hains* came in, and *Pym* began to mutter about Monopolies, Loans, Ship-money, and inveighed against King *Charles* for raising Illegal Taxes, commending the
Scotch

Scotch for selling him; but, says he, had I the Disposal of him I would have made a better Penyworth of it; *Jo* was not a little incens'd to hear the Memory of that Pious Prince abus'd, and urg'd the Crime with such strong Arguments, that *Pym* was sensible of it, but said, that Charity commanded us to believe that they repented of it; repent, says *Jo*, so did *Judas* repent, but their Repentance did not come up to his, for they neither hang'd themselves, nor restored the Money; *Pym* was so enraged at the Jest that he ordered his Journey-men to give us some Stirrup-Oil; but we being aware of it prevented their Trouble. Passing by a little Stationer's Shop that was kept by *Pryn*, he recommended to us several Ingenious Tracts, such as, *Crumbs of Comfort for God's Chickens*; *A Spiritual Shove for a Heavy-arsed Christian*; *Daniel Burgess's Cloak lengthened for the Advantage of his Congregation at the Day of Judgment*; *Pryn's Sufferings for the Good Old Cause*; *Two Penyworth of Warnings against the Scarlet Whore*; *The Ninety-nine Plagues of a Pox*: Or, *Hugh Peters's Ingenious Discourse on David's Complaint of his dry Bones*. My Poverty denied me the Power

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Power of satisfying my Curiosity; I
thanked him for his Civility, and we
adjourned to *Hugh Peter's* Fencing-
school, where Satan and he have had se-
veral Rencounters. Mr. *David William-*
son is Journeyman to *Hugh*, and sells his
Fire and Brimstone under him by Re-
tale; I was surprized to see with what
Dexterity he ogled Heaven, and a Rich
Widow that sat in the opposite Gallery,
at the same Time: In the Beginning of
his Ejaculations he was as familiar with
the Almighty, as if he had been of his
Cabinet Council; towards the Close of
it he had a smart Engagement with the
Scarlet Whore; The Difficulty of the
Exercise made him foam and storm, as if
he designed to bully Heaven into a Com-
pliance with his Desires. The Exercise
being over, he dissected his Text with
great Ingenuity; I was surprized to see
the whole Congregation as dexterously
performing all the Exercise of a Snuff-
Box, as if they had been bred at *Will's*,
till I was informed by *Jo* that it was
right fine Snuff to awake a Drowsie Chri-
stian; it was made by the Ministers, and
sold by them to the Elders, who sell it by
Retale to the Congregation; and com-
monly it is the best Perquisite of the
D Teacher's

Teacher's Employment, each Member being enjoined to supply himself Quarterly with a certain Quantity of it: Being weary of his fulsome Repetitions, we left him with one Hand in his Cod-piece, pulling up his Breeches, and the other adjusting his Peruke. There was a great Throng of Old Women without the Chapel sucking in with great Pleasure the Godly Sound; we wandred thro' severall Lanes, till we had lost ourselves in an Apartment belonging to the Prophets; *Cassandra*, *Sir Richard Bulkely*, and *Dr. Connor*, are the chief of the Sect; the Doctor designs to take *Sir Richard* to pieces, and having boil'd him in *Medea's* Kettle with other Ingredients, to make him a Handsome Proper Gentleman. I saw the Queen of *S—* here, who has bought so many Pentyworths of *Solomon's* Wisdom, that the Parish is hardly able to maintain her Children. I stepped into a little adjoining Chapel, where I saw a Fellow with a Well-improved Face, playing severall Tricks of *Hocus Pocus*, holding up a little Bit of Bread, at which they all gap'd, like Birds in a Nest: I expected this Conjuror would show some Slight of Hand, but having held it up a considerable Time, he swallowed this

Morsel

Morsel of Infinity. We changed our Station for the Advantage of the Prospect, so resolving to be beforehand with in the Wine, slip the Bottle into his Pocket, and put a Bottle of Red-ink in its Stead: The Jugler pouring it forth, was surpriz'd at the Colour, they all crying out a Miracle, a Miracle: The Show being over this Jugler retired to his Lodgings, where he expos'd it several Days to his own great Advantage, and to the Satisfaction of those that cover to be impos'd on; I went to a little Coffee-house kept by *Jack Tutchin*, where were *Hobs* and *Spinosa* reading those celebrated Tracts of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and the *Tale of a Tub*, with great Transports of Joy. There was a Rumour here that *Orthodox Ridpath* was made Overseer of *London* and *Westminster*, but it wants Confirmation. The Ingenious *Dodwell* has published an Advertisement, *Whereas he had by indefatigable Study and Industry for Twenty Years, attained to the Art of making a Water which gives Immortality to Souls naturally Mortal*, this is to give Notice that it is to be Sold at all Booksellers in *Brandipolis* for the Good of Mankind.

Jack Tutchin's Intelligence informs us, that Judge *Eacus* has obtained a *Quietus*, and that the late Chief Justice *Holt* is to succeed him. There was a stately Gallows erected here with Two Heads on it, representing *Abel Roper*, and Orthodox *Ridpath*, with the following Verses under them.

*Wit, like a Sponge well fill'd, will only drop,
But squeez'd, it gushes forth in many Streams ;
So Abel beaten, flows with shining Wit,
But unchastis'd, in short Hints his Satyr shows.*

*Inspire, kind Muse, my Genius and my Tongue,
Lest Ridpath should complain I do him Wrong,
Ridpath, that Wretch, that's always void of Sense
Like Abel, noted for his Impudence.*

Jack Tutchin was Indicted for some Reflections on the most Christian King ; he came to advise with Sir *Bartholomew Shore*, who plainly told him he was a-kin to *Balaam's* Ass, who never spoke but when he saw an Angel ; *Jack* taking the Hint, presented him with a Piece of Gold ; he having perus'd it, told him there were but Two Words of Good *Latin* in it, and advised him to except to them Two, and puzzle the whole Court. Being fatigued with

with *Tutchin's* Impudence, I took a Turn in the *Prado*, and drunk a Dram of Royal Gin with the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, who has a little Brandy-shop here. I saw the Renowned *Hector*, who is a Bully to a Baudy-house kept by the Fair *Helen*: The Great *Hercules* officiates here in the humble Sphere of a Porter, and the Charming *Cleopatra* takes Two-pence wet and Two-pence dry. *Hellogabulus* keeps a Farthing Pye-house here; the Famous *Sydenham* writes Receipts under him for making the best Custards and Cheefecakes; *Epicurus* was one of his Cooks, but had for several Years eaten the Profit. I saw *George Fox*, the Quaker, who has assumed to himself the Title of Count of *Phlegethon*, and strictly observes the Rules of the Modern Men of Honour: *George* scorns to take a Lie, or pay his Debts; he lives in Taverns and Baudy-houses, plays Booty at Picquet and Hazard, and fears nothing but a Bailiff or a Spunging-house. I stepped into the Wits Coffee-house, which is kept by the Celebrated Mrs. *Behn*; she has turned her *Oronoko* into *Rocheſter*, and now entirely doats on the Extrava-gant Humour of that Celebrated VVit. I saw a Black Comely Gentleman with a short

short Face, of a very Affable, Courteous
 Temper, who was mightily caressed by
 the whole Tribe of Poets; I mistook
 him, and thought he was the Spectator,
 but was informed it was the Polite *Ho-*
race: I saw my Lord *Coke* here, who has
 published an Ingenious Discourse on *Et*
Catera, shewing the abundant Learning
 that is couch'd in these Two Words:
Lilly, the Astrologer, is reckoned the most
 Celebrated Statesman here; he is well
 improv'd in those Arts that engage the
 Affections of the Fair Sex, and always
 bribes the Maids of Honour with al-
 luring Pensions; he is Courteous to his
 Enemies, and Politick to his Friends, has
 undone Three Tailors and Two Peruke-
 makers, quarrell'd Nine Times, and like
 to have fought Once: He has by his Po-
 litick Management so far insinuated him-
 self into the Favour of *Pluto*, that he is
 at present Prime Minister of State: I
 was extremely pleas'd when I was at the
 Hero's Coffee-house, (which is kept by
Plutarch,) to see the Great *Alexander*,
Julius Caesar, *Hannibal*, the Duke of *Lux-*
embergh, General *Tilly*, and Mr. *Twisden*,
 who displayed the Duke of *Marlborough's*
 Conduct and Bravery in such moving
 Language, as put all these Antient and
 Modern

Modern Heroes out of Countenance, I observed that a becoming Blush always graced the Countenance of the Great Alexander when he heard of the Immortal *Blenheim*. That Gentleman wrote a Poem here last Winter, whose Title was, *Britannia's Lamentation on the Disgrace of the Duke of Marlborough*.

Britannia to each Murmuring Stream
 With Sighs repeats great Churchill's Name;
 In flowing Streams she mourns the Hero's Fate,
 In boisterous Storms her Swelling Grief relates;
 In mournful Strains she mourns her numerous Scars,
 And dreads the Fate of our Intestine Wars;
 In silent Sobs her Sons fierce Hatred views,
 And with Parental Love for Peace she fears;
 With Joy France views my Mounts, my Tears,
 And her exalting Monarch checks his Fears:
 With pleasing Hopes he views those Laurels fade,
 That my Genius for my Hero made.
 Fame loudly echoes to the farthest Spheres
 The Hero's Fall. Frighted Belgia bears
 The dismal Sound to Liffie, and to the Scheld,
 To Hocksted, Oudenard, and Mons, convey'd,
 The loudest Heralds of the Hero's Fame,
 The rapid Danube, and the Silver Streams,
 In roiling Waves frighted to their Heads retreat,
 In noisive Murmurs Churchill's Fall repeat:
 Schellenbergh first sang the Hero's Praise,
 The wandring Troops of Gauls struck with Amaze,
 Thro' Fenny Woods retreat with Pannick Fear, (hear;
 Trembling when Churchill's dreadful Name they
 Pursuing Hosts are imag'd to their Minds,
 In shady Groves New Foes their Fancies find.

The

*The Shadow of the lofty Oak appears
 A Giant Huge to their creating Fears,
 Blenheim succeeds, the Wonder of the Age,
 The Gallick Troops submit to British Rage;
 Tallard bemoans his own unhappy Fate,
 And False Bavaria now repents too late,
 From Albion's Cliffs Britain gently rear'd
 Her graceful Head, and saw her Sons besmear'd
 With reeking Gore of prostrate Dying Foes,
 And smil'd to see their Pity for their Woes:
 The Troops surrendred at the Hero's Call,
 The waving Ensigns now adorn our Halls;
 Villars, proud of new Schemes, courts sickle Fate,
 Deceiv'd, they prove the Object of his greatest Hate,
 Vendosme, and the Royal Princes, did succeed
 To the same Fate, as Fortune had decreed:
 Each in his Turn submits to Churchill's Call,
 But altogether triumph in his Fall.
 In troubled Seas of Grief and Passion tost,
 Britannia views all Entreaty lost.
 Her Moans, her Tears, her Sighs, are all in vain,
 Whilst Deadly Rancour and fierce Hate remain.*

I am, with all Respect,

Your most Humble Servant,



Richard Estcourt.

FINIS.

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